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"Women and Children First"

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The popularity of the Gibson Calendar for 1901 has encouraged the publishers to make the new issue larger and handsomer than its predecessor. It is a distinguished and artistic product of the best to be had in drawing, reproduction, and printing. It is unequalled as a gift or souvenir.

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LIFE



"WHAT KIND OF A GIRL IS MISS WHYMPER?"
"OH, SHE IS ONE OF THOSE PATENT, COLLAP-
SIBLE, SELF-PAINTING GIRLS."

Letters.



ACH reputed man of letters has his circle

Of halo-polishers, whose obsequious ways

Suggest the letters of the combination—

A big "I," and a bunch of little "jays."

An Ambitious Lady.

HUSBAND: The doctor says if I keep up this race for money I'll break down when I am forty.

WIFE: Never mind, dear. By that time we shall be able to afford it.

A Simpleton's Remedy.

OLD LADY FINANCE was breathing hard.

Dr. Pop said she must go to the Government Sanitarium.

Dr. Banks said that she was poisoned by bryanide of silver.

Dr. Prohib said that the drain through the saloon had depleted her system.

Dr. Over Production said that the trouble was that she was too well.

Dr. Bags said that Honesty, Industry and Perseverance would make her all right.

They got a trained nurse with a college diploma. The nurse offered her bounties

and subsidies to rouse her to activity. Still she was clearly in a precarious state.

Said Merchant, her youngest son, "You've taxed her resources in trying to reduce over-circulation."

Said Farmer, her eldest son, "You've checked her circulation."

Said Wage, her second son, "Your gold cure has created an unnatural craving for stimulants."

Said Dr. Liberty, "Remove those restrictions that are choking her and let Nature make her well." But no one was so ignorant as to permit such a thing as that.

Bolton Hall.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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AT this writing nothing forbids the hope that the President will get well. Heaven send that he may. To have him shot has been a tremendous shock, which somehow has made the earth's crust feel thin under our feet. Yet we know that it is a shock of a sort for which the people of all civilized nations must nowadays go always prepared. In every country the man who represents in his person the supreme authority occupies a post of peril. Whether he is a wise ruler or not, whether he is beloved or otherwise, makes little difference, for assassination is a crazy expedient, and the man who plans it is neither actuated nor deterred by reason. The wretch who shot the President assailed us all. We all staggered for the moment under his assault. Each of us was wounded by his bullet. The shock will pass, but such a wound is slow in healing.



THE baby who cannot get what he wants and who, by way of protest against cruel fate, howls at the top of his lungs and bumps his own head on the floor is a fine example of misdirected energy. So is Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston. Rumor has it that at one time Mr. Lawson was a candidate for admission to the membership of the

New York Yacht Club, but that circumstances over which he had no control prevented his realizing that particular ambition. It is also said that since then Mr. Lawson's feelings toward the New York Yacht Club and its members have not been of the most amiable nature. When the Ulster Yacht Club's challenge for the *America's* cup was accepted by the New York Yacht Club, Mr. Lawson saw a possible opportunity to demonstrate to the latter organization that he was not such small potatoes as its members seemed to think him. His method consisted of building a yacht, which he intended should be faster than the one provided by the members of the Yacht Club to defend the trophy. The result was the *Independence*, which, unfortunately for the complete success of Mr. Lawson's plans, was decisively beaten both by the *Columbia* and the *Constitution* in the Newport races. Mr. Lawson's subsequent conduct, which has been reported in detail in the newspapers, reminds one forcibly of the baby mentioned above.



BUT let no one take Mr. Lawson for a fool. He may not be a sportsman, and LIFE suspects there are some persons who may have doubts as to his right to the title of gentleman, but, in face of all that, he is as shrewd a Yankee as ever masticated a bean. He has managed to secure from the daily press, thereby indirectly, but very substantially, aiding his brokerage business, a tremendous amount of advertising, which has cost Mr. Lawson comparatively little, and which has yielded the newspapers not one penny of revenue. The newspaper folk are supposed to be very canny in these matters, but if they will look back to the exploiting of the Lawson pink, to the space they gave to Mr. Lawson's bets, with a string to them, in the matter of the match between The Abbot and his horse Boralma, and now to his multitudinous statements and string-fastened offers in the matter of the *Independence*, they are bound to conclude that Mr. Lawson has not only annoyed every true lover of sport in

America, including the members of the New York Yacht Club, but that he has also most successfully worked the newspapers for advertising.

No one can blame Mr. Lawson for bumping his head on the floor, and there is no law to stop his indulging in that baneful amusement, but the public at large should not be compelled by the press to witness his indulgence in it. There is a general desire, which should be gratified, to permit Mr. Lawson to return to his usual business of dealing in copper stocks, in which he is said to be more successful than in promoting the ends of true sport.



AT the recent meeting of the British Medical Association, a certain Doctor J. F. Goodhart remarked that "the sick man now always wants to know too much. He wants to know what is the matter with him, when it is not possible to tell him; moreover, he will have an answer, and if not, he thinks the doctor an ignoramus, and calls in some one else."

LIFE believes that the allegorical sick man whom the doctor thus places at the bar is right; and we all know that he is increasing. It would seem that the sick man demands very little for his money. He wants to know what is the matter with him. This is a highly laudable desire. Then if the doctor doesn't know what's the matter with him, he wants to know that, and to know it quick enough to get some one else who does, if that is possible. An acknowledgment from any doctor, and particularly before so widely advertised a meeting as that of the British Association, that this state of things is coming about, is certainly very encouraging. It shows that the patients are taking the common sense end of their cases into their own hands, and it tends to make the doctors much more careful about what they are doing. It is one thing to have faith in a doctor who has convinced a patient that he knows his business, and quite another to swallow all the medicine which a doctor may give, with the accompanying assurance that you have no right to inquire as to its purpose or value.



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She: I SOMETIMES WONDER WHETHER ALL THOSE THINGS YOU SAID TO ME WERE TRUE.
"WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? WE BOTH BELIEVED THEM."

The Likeness.

DEAR MADGE—

You ask me, "as a friend,"
To say without dissembling
Whether the photograph you send
Is in the least resembling.

(Lest praise or blame of mine offend,
I write in fear and trembling!)

Why, yes!

The portrait's dainty, smart;
Tho' it but half discovers
The graces of its counterpart,
The charm which round you hovers—
Yet, true to life, it has no heart
And smiles on all your lovers!

J. H. H.

Concert.

"WHAT! Your Majesty will let
the Powers whistle for their
indemnity?" exclaimed the Tsung Li
Yamen, aghast.

"Why, yes, 'twill help along the
concert of Europe, you know!" re-
plied the Dowager Empress, with a
droll affectation of naïveté."



LIFE'S VIEWS IN LONDON.
TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

The column in the foreground was surmounted formerly by a statue of Nelson.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$7,870.71
May, Sallie and Helen	15.00
S. B. W.	5.00
K. L. R., G. W. R., D. W. R. and J. H. R.	12.00
Virginia Pomeroy Hendrick.....	10.00
E. E. B.	15.00
Grenell Island Sunday-school.....	31.00
Children's Entertainment at Shalassa Cottage, Shasconset.....	6.50
Trudchie, Totty, Sam, Ted and Babe.....	3.60
A Small Circus, gotten up by Audrey Hall, Kath. Morrel, Louise Alex- andre, David Bonner, Harry Bluhm, Roger Nevius, Bradford Wardwell and Harold Barker.....	8.10
A. J. C.	5.00
James Bradley Thayer, 2d.....	10.00
Katrina and Oliver.....	1.00
Children at Fernside, South Lee, Mass. Joe Brown	5.00
Proceeds of a Candy Sale by Marjorie, Hope, and Eleanor Butler.....	18.35
A. F. L.	25.00
Proceeds of Entertainment at Sunset Hill House, Sugar Hill, N. H.....	65.00

\$8,116.28

THROUGH Mr. A. Newbold Morris all the children at LIFE's Farm were recently made happy by a liberal feast of ice cream and cake.

FROM the King's Daughters' Circle, Church of the Redeemer (Miss Emma Allers, President), Brooklyn, and also from Mr. F. A. Page, Kennebunk, Maine, several packages of suitable garments for the young have been gratefully received at LIFE's Farm.

The Test.

HARRY: Yes, I'm in love at last.

TOM: For the hundredth time.

"No, the first. Whenever I begin thinking about myself, I find it is about her."



THE story of *The Disciple*, by Paul Bourget, is based upon a young man's too literal application in daily life of his master's abstract philosophical generalizations. Like Zola's later books, but more logically and more subtly, it argues for the family and the home. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

The authors of *The Inheritors*, Joseph Conrad and Ford M. Hueffer, have justly called their book *An Extravagant Story*, and those who like to take their reading literally will best avoid it. It contains much clever satire, however, and its absurdi-



RESIDENCE OF JOHN B. GRABB, OF CHICAGO.

This structure has a historical interest, having been used at one time by the British Parliament.

ties are well masked. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

James Jeffrey Roche's volume, *By-Ways of War*, is a history of the various filibustering expeditions against Mexico and Nicaragua undertaken between 1840 and 1850. Although containing matter for a hundred romances, it is inevitable that, as history, the subject should not be so interesting. (Small, Maynard and Company. \$1.50.)

Montanye, by William O. Stoddard, a story of New York in the last months of British occupation, consists of a bad English officer, a brave Yankee privateersman and a lovely maiden, well mixed, seasoned with a glimpse of George Washington, and served in chapters. (Henry Altamus Company, Philadelphia.)

R. O. Prowse devotes the four hundred pages of *Voysey* to the exhaustive study of an utterly commonplace liaison. An occasional page of rather good psychological analysis is the book's only excuse for being. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Rather a good picture of Maryland life just before the War is given in Frederick Emory's novel, *A Maryland Manor*. The author's style is pleasant and the story not uninteresting. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

One of the worst books of the season is by R. H. P. Miles, and is called *Three Men and a Woman*. Style, characters and plot are equally bad, and it is worth while to avoid it. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

J. B. Kerfoot.



THE IRON DUKE.

(This statue is now on its way to Pittsburg.)



THE BANK OF ENGLAND.
Money talks.

Two Opinions.

WITHERBY : Did you call on the Peterbys to-day ?

MRS. WITHERBY : Yes.

WITHERBY : See their baby ?

MRS. WITHERBY : I did.

WITHERBY : How was it ?

MRS. WITHERBY : My dear, I must tell you. It was awful.

WITHERBY : Look like anything ?

MRS. WITHERBY : Not in heaven or earth. I didn't know what to say.

WITHERBY : I never thought much of their children anyway.

MRS. WITHERBY : Nor I. You know they are feeding it on Googy Googy food, which is positively dangerous, and it hasn't gained at all. Its face is absolutely expressionless.

WITHERBY : Probably grow up to be an idiot.

MRS. WITHERBY : Oh, not so bad as that. Still—

WITHERBY : What do people want to have children like that for anyway ?

MRS. WITHERBY : I cannot imagine.

THE NEXT DAY.

MRS. WITHERBY (meeting Mrs. Peter-

by) : Oh, I'm so glad I saw you !

MRS. PETERBY : Indeed !

MRS. WITHERBY : I do so want to tell you that I scarcely slept a wink last night thinking of that dear, darling, sweet little baby of yours. He is just lovely, and I can't begin to say how much I envy you !

OPPORTUNITY is the pudding which the many make for the few to fall into.

TWO doctors at Worcester, Mass., staff surgeon and house officer of the city hospital, have smallpox, and yet they tell us vaccination prevents smallpox.—*Vaccination.*

Of course vaccination prevents smallpox. Don't we all know that since the discovery of vaccination there is no such thing as smallpox ?

Remodeled Woman.

I CANNOT guess the inwardness Of Fashion's strange decrees, For I should think they'd make a dress To fit the form with ease. The waist should be, it seems to me, Where'er by Nature placed, But study woman, and you'll see She has a sliding waist.

For now the gown—at least in town—
Ne'er fits the damsel fair ;
The waist-line is now up, now down,
Diagonal or square.
You can't evade the truth displayed—
To Art her form she owes ;
And every year she is remade
To fit the latest clothes.

Elliott Flower.



ONE OF THE STAGES OF MAN.



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Forbidden.

(*Triolet fort irrégulier.*)

SHE:

YOU have kissed me once more!
It's forbidden; how dare you?

HE:

Since when, and what for?
So I kiss you once more.

SHE:

I command! I implore!
Once again and beware, you—

HE:

Then thrice, if once more
Be forbidden—

SHE:

How dare you?

John Tompkins.

The Love Letters of a Famous Man.



DEAREST, Don't for the world
destroy this letter; keep it care-
fully. I am about making
arrangements for the publication
of our letters. Ever your own,

MILTON.

My Adored, Be sure to keep all my letters,
so as not to destroy the sequence. Arrange-

ments are now pending for publication.
More news soon. As ever, your own

ROBESPIERRE.

Dearest, my own Dearest, Remember to
keep all my letters, as I do yours. I am
now holding out for twenty-five per cent.
royalty. I will bring them around, I am
sure. Your own, as ever your own,

ARISTOTLE.

My Life, my Love, my Darling, Assure
me again that you keep all my letters. I
am still contending on the royalty matter.
Franklin, Square and Company think it too
much. Unless we can come to an agreement
soon, I shall open negotiations with Skibner
and Sons. Always, always, my adored one,
your own,

MOZART.

My Thought, my Mind, my Life, my All
All, Your suggestion about an asbestos box
and camphor balls is a good one. The letters
must be kept safe. I have just opened up
the matter with Skibner. I am to see them
again to-morrow. My adored, your loving
captor, your happy captive,

WELLINGTON.

Dainty Dear, Sweet Fleur-de-lis, My own
charming Suma-San, Be sure to file this
away carefully. Yours was so good; I want

to keep reading it, so have had a typewritten
copy made to carry in my hat, while I have,
of course, filed yours. Skibners agree to
the twenty-five per cent. royalty. Other
details yet to be arranged. Your loving,
little, wistful

CORTEZ.

Loveliest Love, Do be careful, dear!
Don't carry my letters about with you to the
woods and other places; put them away at
once after reading them. We are now dis-
cussing whether it shall be one volume 8vo,
or two small volumes. I think I favor the
two small volumes. What do you say,
dear? A soft, sweet kiss in the shadow, my
love, from

WAGNER.

My One, my Only Sweet, Need I tell you,
dear, to keep this carefully? Things are
starting out fine. The press-agent has
already started on his work. An advance
notice is to appear in the Saturday *All-the-
news* supplement. After that, there is to be
an illustrated article in the *Book-Borrower*.
They are also going to publish selections in
the magazine. A first edition of half a
million will surely be required. That ought
to furnish our flat comfortably. Love, love
in fifty-seven varieties,

HEINE.

H. R. Horr.



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THE ANGLO-SAXON

"HERE'S TO JOHN AND JONATHAN. MAY THEY EVER



W. H. Walker 1901

ANGLO-SAXON RACE.
N. MAY THEY EVER PLAY TOGETHER PEACEFULLY."



The Busy Time of the Theatrical Year.

WHO is going to write a play with a star part fitted to the characteristics of Mr. John Drew? Certainly the rôle of *Major Christopher Bingham* in Robert Marshall's "The Second in Command" was never meant for him. In this character he neither retains the carriage of the polished man of the world, in which he is at his best, nor does he endow it with a marked individuality which might go well with its lines and situations. Regarded as a character like Thackeray's *Dobbin*, the *Major* might have been presented in any one of the heroic, kindly, well-meaning, but wrong-doing, delineations that would occur to the imagination. But Mr. Drew has conventionalized the *Major* into a sort of nondescript, who neither rouses one's admiration nor gains one's sympathy. The part is not an impossible one, if pictured without the attempt to keep it personally attractive. Knowing what Mr. Drew can do, it may be permitted to read between the lines and infer that he is playing *Major Christopher Bingham* not as his instincts, and experience would prompt him to play it, but as the powers that control the Syndicate have told him to play it. This is the sort of benefit that the Syndicate confers on art.

The play is not so fanciful as the others that Robert Marshall has sent to America, and lacks the delicate humor of "A Royal Family." Mr. Marshall's fondness for costumes is confined to some of the vagaries in military uniforms indulged in by the British army department. The plot is not a marvel of ingenuity or novelty, but it lasts through four acts and makes what in England—for its mainspring is British heroism in the Boer conquest—might be a bid for popularity. Here the bid is naturally unsuccessful. Miss Ida Conquest as the heroine continues to show improvement in her art. Mr. Guy Standing fairly divides the honors with Mr. Drew.

"The Second in Command" is not impressive—at least, not in New York.

THE poets are having an innings on the American stage. Last season we saw Richard Savage poorly portrayed by Mr. Henry Miller, and now Tom Moore and Richard Lovelace have been plucked from their niches of fame to serve the purposes of two contemporary actors.

In the more or less modified career of Thomas Moore Mr. Andrew Mack has found excellent material for a play in what may be called the chambermaid school of drama. This school, in which the late William Scanlon, Mr. Chauncey Olcott and Mr. Mack have made reputation and money, appeals to those who are interested in the romantic careers of Irish heroes with melodious voices. Although the plays are sometimes ingenious in construction, they are built on primitive lines and make their demands on the elementary emotions. This describes "Tom Moore," and it is evident that it was designed more with the idea of fitting Mr. Mack with a singing part than of giving a very accurate picture of the tuneful Irish poet. It achieves its object and will be found amusing by those who are fond of plays of this kind.

FOR Mr. Sothern's portrayal of *Richard Lovelace*, in Mr. Lawrence Irving's play of that name, a paragraph gives too scant space for sufficient analysis and credit due. Mr. Sothern's work year by year shows steady advance in method and marked development of power. He is overcoming the monotony of tone which has been his worst handicap, and the limit has not yet been set on his accomplishment. The play is in a decidedly minor key, which may interfere with its popularity—but it is a scholarly production, with ample opportunity both for Mr. Sothern and Cecilia Loftus, to whom falls the principal female rôle. In the lighter episodes the lady suffices, but in the heroic passages her absolute lack of control of voice and action makes her a serious blot on the picture. In its entirety the performance is a most creditable achievement.

FROM the Rogers Brothers Messrs. Weber and Fields borrowed the idea of make-up and dialect which brought the former team to the notice of the public as comedians. From Messrs. Weber and Fields the Rogers Brothers have borrowed the idea of supplementing and surrounding their own specialty by spectacular effects, feminine attractiveness, and other vaudeville features which have given Weber and Fields success as managers. This year the Rogers Brothers give us a composition—it would be an error to call it a play—entitled "The Rogers Brothers in Washington." It is light beyond the possibility of weighing, but it serves the purpose of amusing those who do not require for their entertainment anything beyond an appeal to the senses and the liking for jingly songs. The young women accessories are chosen apparently with a view to prettiness of face and slenderness of form, fortunately eliminating those examples of adipose development which offend the sight in other choruses. The Rogerses themselves are the same as ever, still practicing the dialect conversation which has become a bore to experienced theatre-goers. Their efforts are supplemented by a company moderately endowed with ability. The best of its members are Miss Hattie Williams, with a pleasing personality and voice; Mr. William West, who sings some new songs very well, and Pat Rooney and Emma Francis, a very clever couple of eccentric dancers.

"The Rogers Brothers in Washington" seems a peculiar sort of attraction for a theatre like the Knickerbocker, but it catches the fancy of the light-minded among New York theatre-goers.

Metcalfe.



Willie Pig: OH, MAMMA, ARE YOU SURE THERE ARE PUDDLES IN HEAVEN?



Modern Examples.

ONE custom house inspector can rip open 20 trunks and insult 30 travelers in an hour. But two, working together, can rip open only 36 trunks and insult only 54 travelers in an hour. How many trunks can be ripped open, and how many travelers insulted by 18 inspectors in one day, supposing this rate is maintained?

Two men, having a combined lung capacity of 401 cubic inches, are in the New York Central tunnel, on a delayed train. At the end of 20 minutes one faints, but the other holds out 19 minutes longer. Supposing the

rate of endurance against asphyxiation is as 1 cubic inch to 80 seconds, how much more lung capacity has one man than the other?

Two authors start out to seek renown in the following manner: The first employs a literary magazine, gets his picture taken in 18 postures, and calls on 20 people a day. The second puts in the same amount of time on his book, trying to make it better. At the end of nine months, what will be the distance between them, and how much farther ahead will the first one be?

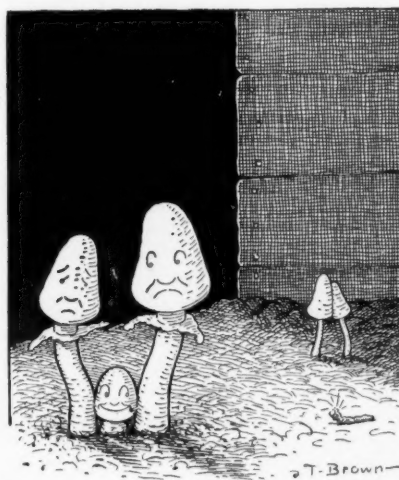
Richard Croker and Wm. S. Devery own a piece of land containing 4 square

miles, which is divided into 18 gambling districts. Each district yields 14 bushels of dollars to the acre, and is presided over by 2 inspectors, who claim as their share 1-3 of the gross crop. What will be the combined profit of Croker and Devery at the end of 5 years, allowing 10 crops to the year?

In three months 200,000 British soldiers conquer 4,500 Boers, but in the next 18 months 60,000 British soldiers that are left conquer only 600 Boers. At this rate of decrease, how many years will it take 20,000 Boers to conquer 500,000 British?

A man is playing golf. For every 150-yard drive he utters one Hallelujah, for every 50-yard drive one Damn, and for every slice a Muttered Curse. In 20 drives and slices combined he sends the ball 400 yards with one Hallelujah. Find the number of Damns and Muttered Curses.

Chauncey Depew has a capacity, for 4 winter months of 4 weeks each, of 1 After-Dinner Speech and 3 Interviews Written by Himself. In 1 After-Dinner Speech he has 14 chestnuts, and in 1 Interview Written by Himself he has 4 chestnuts. But suppose at the end of 2 months he increases his capacity of After-Dinner Speeches to Interviews Written by Himself in the relation of 4 to 3. What would be the number of chestnuts made in the remaining 2 months?



Mr. Mushroom: REALLY, MISS TOADSTOOL, I MUST SAY THAT FOR DOWNRIGHT IMPUDENCE AND BAD MANNERS, THAT SMALL BROTHER OF YOURS TAKES THE DEWDROP.

"Dum Vivimus, Vivamus!"

A LITTLE boy of Boston, with a Knickerbocker strain
From a giddy graft of Gotham on the Puritanic stem,
Was, properly, subjected to a modicum of pain,
For shirking the deduction of his daily theorem
And playing "odd-or-even" with the *hoi polloi* till dark;
But made, when asked if he'd be good, this dissolute remark:

"The melancholy heritage of miserable Man,
"Religiously considered, would be nothing more, or less,
"Thar consistent acquiescence in a penitential plan,
"With infinite recurrence of diversified distress;
"Terrestrial existence is perpetually vexed,
"And you emphasize the prospect of annoyance in the next;

"So, combating thus the problem, with the lucubrate nerve,
"I frame a calculation to the following effect—
"If you have to catch it anyway, 'tis prudent to deserve
"Not only what you're getting, but whatever you expect!"
And he paralyzed his parent with the unrepentant grin
Of the self-complacent sinner who rejoices in his sin.

F. Dana.

Letter from a Burglar.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Sir: The other day I had the privilege of reading in some of the public prints the golden words in which that superb genius and woman, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, expounds the divine art of mental healing. It then occurred to me (dare I say, inspired by her glowing page?), that the columns of your valuable and amusing paper contain, not infrequently, a certain levitous disparagement of this very cult. Levity, sir, when applied to subjects held sacred by a large number of mankind, cannot fail to be aught but painful, as I hope to show.

Recently, in the practice of my profession, that of a burglar, I was compelled to tie a widow and her three children to a superheated stove, in order to discover where the money was laid, which they had that day drawn from the bank. Fortunately for me, these people had not known Truth as taught by our Mother Eddy and the sublime Wilcox, the housemaids' philosopher, and they were quite unable to resist the delusion that the stove was red-hot. But so ardent am I in the cause, that, while tying up my profits, I began to lay down a few first principles. In the end, I saw it was useless. They had earlier cooked their supper by the same fire I had used, and whatever I might have led them to think about their burns and pains, I never could have persuaded them they had eaten raw meat.

But, lest I try your readers' patience too far, I pass rapidly over this part of my story. Yet I must stop to point out an observation which, though I myself say it, seems to me to be not unscientific according to our belief. The mother I had strung up by the thumbs, in order to make room around the stove for the children. But after I had got their pile, she somewhat discourteously interrupted my discourse by begging me to release them. I was in something of a hurry—it was nearly time for my supper—and I could not oblige her. Then I observed (and truly it was a rewarding sight for the ardent Scientist) how, as my words sank in, their moanings, little by little, ceased. It is true the oldest, a pretty little girl of twelve, was unable to place herself in harmony with the Infinite, and continued for some time screaming in a loud and annoying manner. She must have been a very wicked child.

Sir, the main point of my story lies here. The widow and

her three children had the misfortune to be found dead the next morning, and a friend of mine has been accused of the murder, found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. Needless to say, at this horrible outcome, I was overcome with remorse. Loving-kindness and friendship are among the brightest of our tenets, and where it does not interfere with business, I practice them.

I resolved to give myself up to the police, and set out post-haste, but on my way I began to reflect. If, thought I, our mortal bodies are a matter of solicitude to that Infinite Spirit of which we are part, how much more are our souls its care. I immediately set in motion our *modus operandi*. In cases of bodily illness, we put out of our minds all thought of sickness. We disbelieve in them. Nay more, we know they can't exist. This regimen is of course known to you. I simply and logically enlarged its application to the sick soul. The result was most happy. Crime, that moral disease, no longer exists. I had committed no murder, had tortured no children. I threw away my crutches. The crime gone, remorse went with it. I felt ten years younger and fit for anything. I went in and bought a drink; the widow's money paid for it.

In the hope of removing your antagonism, sir, allow me one further reflection. At the bar, I bethought of my friend and of his sad case. Clearly there was no help for him. But stop! I have been unjust to the resources of our glorious gospel. The man is an ardent Scientist. He is at this moment receiving absent treatment in the neck from the faithful throughout the land. What with this and his own grand power, I am confident that when the noose pulls tight, and this "stuff that dreams are made of" shoots through the trap, he will know, as one of our great teachers puts it, that "evil, sin and sickness exist solely in the imagination and cannot otherwise be."

This, sir, is why your position pains me. This is why the self-made poetess of the pantry fills me with joy. Since the events I have related took place, I have committed two or three murders, and to-night contemplate robbing my mother. But first I must make known to those sweet and kindly ladies who are the main prop of our religion, the glorious possibilities of which it is capable.

With much respect, sir, I sign myself, for obvious reasons, only

"Clarissima Virtus."

Manual Labor.

"SO your son is learning a trade."
"Yes. He is to be a novelist."



"BACK WATER, BROTHERS! THIS ROCK WILL HARDLY FURNISH SOUVENIRS FOR OUR DESCENDANTS."



To a Modern Maid.

A THOUSAND dim ancestral beings, nay,
A thousand thousand more, and who shall
say
How many more than these, have trod this sphere
To make you what you are to-day, my dear.
And yet I count it not too much, when I
Your calmly serious face to fathom try,
Nor think the sacrifice too great to tell—
They've done their work so wisely and so well!

Tom Masson.



IN THE PALACE OF THE CZAR.

The Czar was lounging on the throne,
The doctor paced the hallski,
When through the palace came a faint
And feeble sort of squallski.
The doctor hurried to the Czar
And cried: "I wish you joyski
You are once more a papavitch,
But—it is not a boyski."

The Czar laid down his sceptrevitch,
And said: "It makes me sickski
To think that it is not for me
To play with little Nickski.
'Tis bad enough to walk the floor
When teethovitch annoyski,
But it would not affect me so
If it had been a boyski."

The Czar walked to the palace gate,
Unheeding bomb or mineski,
And nailed thereon a very big
And boldly lettered signski.
The subjects cried the Russian for
The French "Vive le Roiski,"
Then read the signski, which announced
This:

WANTED HERE—
ONE BOYSKI.

—Baltimore American.

NOTHING can be more outlandish than ignorance, stupidity and vulgarity in a magnificent house, and that is why people in comfortable circumstances get so much more real satisfaction out of life than the lunkheads of luxury, whose coarse breeding and tenement-house training sticks to them, no matter where they are or where they go. Silk may cover

them, diamonds may blaze upon their breasts, or on the ends of their noses for that matter, but no trick of hairdresser, milliner or tailor, jeweler or perfumer can change the vulgar laugh, the vulgar voice, the vulgar look, the vulgar shape, the vulgar ostentation that belongs to them as distinctly as the ears belong to the ass.—Schoolmaster.

IN a Massachusetts town last winter, James A. Riis was asked by a gaunt, funereal sort of chap what he should say by way of introducing him to an assemblage.

"Oh," said Mr. Riis, in a spirit of levity, "say anything you like. Say I am the most distinguished citizen in the country. They generally do."

Whereupon his funeral friend marched upon the stage and calmly announced to the audience that he did not know this man Riis, whom he was charged with introducing, never heard of him.

"He tells me," he went on, with never a wink, "that he is the most distinguished citizen in the country. You can judge for yourselves when you have heard him."

—Argonaut.

A DROITWICH barber was just finishing lathering a customer and was talking volubly as usual.

"Yes, sir," he said, "there's no carelessness allowed by our employer. Every time we cut a customer's face we are fined sixpence, and if we make an ugly gash it costs us a shilling."

Then, picking up and brandishing his razor, he added: "But I don't care a rap to-day. I've just won a sovereign."

—London Answers.

Two men were discussing an acquaintance, whose desire to gain wealth and distaste for any demands upon his charity were equally well known.

"What in the world does he want of more money?" demanded one of the men, in the tone of one who defies the public at large to find an answer to his question. "He

hasn't any near relatives, and he doesn't begin to spend his income now."

"Ah," said the other man, "that's just it. He wants to economize on a still larger scale."

—Youth's Companion.

CHARLES derived little good from his visit to Sunday-school yesterday. After dinner mamma missed a small pot of jam, and as she noticed some telltale evidences about Charles's mouth and hands, she asked him if he had seen or eaten the jam. Charles insisted that he had not even seen the jam. Papa thereupon was called in, and Charles was punished severely. Drawing Charles close to her, and wiping the tears from his eyes, mamma said:

"When I was your age, my boy, I never told a falsehood."

"How o'd were you before you began?" asked Charles, between sobs.—Albany Journal.

GENERAL O. O. HOWARD, who commanded one of the wings of Sherman's army on the famous march to the sea, and who bore Lee's first shock at Gettysburg, was once interviewed on the subject of answers to prayer. In his famous fight with Stonewall Jackson the Union forces were defeated so he was asked:

"You prayed before that battle?"

"Yes," he answered.

"And Jackson was a praying man. He prayed also?"

"Yes," he assented.

"Then how was it he gained the victory? Did that mean that the Union cause was wrong?"

Very gently the good old general replied: "Both our prayers were answered. Jackson prayed for immediate victory and I for the ultimate triumph of our cause. We both got what we prayed for."—Argonaut.

To steal a loaf of bread for a starving child—that is robbery. To swindle a widow out of her estate—that is financeeering.—Schoolmaster.

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—*Pall Mall.*

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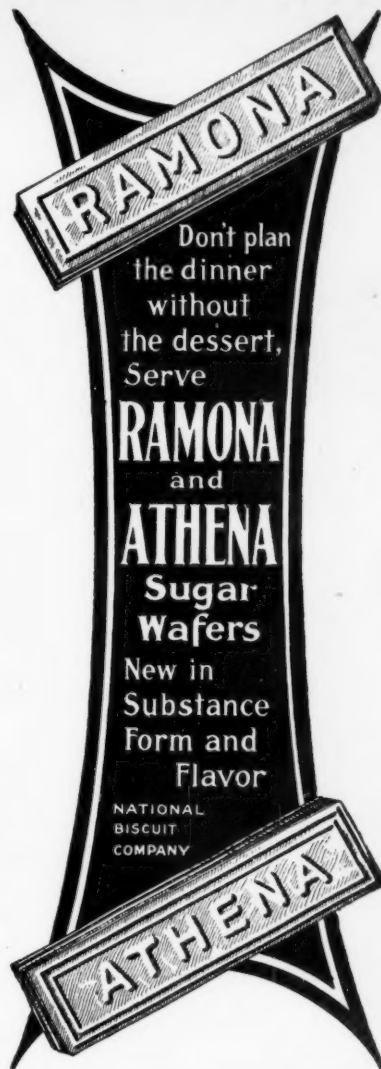
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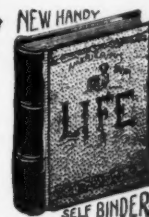
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